MARVEL
PSR 63

EXILES®

THE TIMEBROKER'S HEADQUARTERS, SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE TIME AND SPACE

YEAH, YEAH, I KNOW...

"HOW CAN YOU BE IN CHARGE HERE, HYPERION?"

"WE SAW YOU DIE, HYPERION!"

-HHH- AS IF I'D LET THAT KEEP ME DOWN!

TIMEBREAKERS

PART TWO OF FOUR

BY TONY BEDARD & MIZUKI SAKAKIBARA

JC COLORIST

DAVE SHARPE LETTERER

SEAN RYAN & NICK LOWE WORKER DRONES

MIKE MARTS SOVEREIGN DRONE

JOE QUESADA HYPERION

DAN BUCKLEY TIMEBROKER

YOUR ARMORED *FRIEND*, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS GONNA *STAY* DEAD.

I SURE HOPE THE *REST* OF YOU PUT UP MORE OF A FIGHT.

...HE...

...HE JUST *KILLED* HOLOCAUST...

...WITH HIS *NOSE...?!*

YOU MAY FRIGHTEN FOOLS LIKE MORPH, BUT THE *QUEEN OF THE DEEP* KNOWS NO FEAR!

RIGHT, NAMORA. LET HIM TRY AN' SNORT MY *BOOT!*

NO, MR. CREED. YOU WEREN'T THERE LAST TIME WE FOUGHT HIM. YOU HAVE *NO IDEA* WHAT HYPERION IS CAPABLE OF...

...AND YOU DON'T *LEAD* THIS TEAM.

I DO.

AHH--!

BLOOOOOONK

OKAY, PUP. YOU'RE THE BOSS.

GOING TOE-TO-TOE WITH THAT MONSTER IS *SUICIDE.*

WE'RE GONNA *RETREAT* AND BUY OURSELVES A LITTLE *TIME.* GOT IT?

...

GOOD. I THINK I SAW A PLACE TO HIDE WHEN WE FIRST GOT HERE...

BLOOOOOONK

WHERE ARE THEY?!

IF ANY OF *YOU HELPED* THEM GET AWAY...!

NO! THEY TELEPORT PAST BLAST DOOR! THEY LOOK FOR PLACE TO HIDE--!

WELL, THERE'S ONLY SO *FAR* THEY CAN RUN IN THIS PLACE.

ALL OF YOU *STAY PUT*, AND KEEP YOUR LITTLE HANDS *OFF* THE EQUIPMENT!

KRAK

HE IS GONE?

Y-YES, SOVEREIGN. EAGER HE SEEMS TO CATCH EXILES.

COME CLOSER. IMPORTANT *INSTRUCTIONS* I HAVE FOR YOU.

HYPERION FORBIDS SOVEREIGN CASTE INTERFERENCE WHILE HE HUNTS EXILES. HE SAID NOTHING OF *WORKER* CASTE TECHDRONES LIKE YOU.

GO TO *STASIS GALLERY*. AWAKEN OPERATIVE WHO CAN SAVE MULTI-VERSE FROM HYPERION.

YOU KNOW OF WHOM I SPEAK?

YES, SOVEREIGN. I KNOW.

"HURRY, THEN. EXILES CANNOT LONG OCCUPY HYPERION BEFORE HE ENDS THEM ALL..."

WHERE ARE WE GOING, CLARICE?

YOU TRYIN' TO FIND THE ROOM WE ARRIVED IN?

SHUT UP AND LET ME CONCENTRATE! EVERYTHING LOOKS THE SAME IN THIS PLACE...

AIN'T IT A PAIN? I GOT LOST ALL THE TIME, MY FIRST COUPLE OF WEEKS!

TIME TO STAND AND FIGHT!

EVERYONE ON MY POSITION!

SMILE FOR THE BIRDIE!

KRAKOOM

BLINK

OH, YOU ARE SERIOUSLY TICKING ME OFF!

MAINTAIN FORMATION...

BLOOONK

THIS'S THE PLAN? JUST KEEP BLINKIN' AWAY FROM HIM...?

NO. WE'RE ALMOST WHERE WE NEED TO BE.

BLOOONK

WHAT IS THIS?

LOOKS LIKE WHERE THE TIMEBROKER FIRST GATHERED ME AN' THE ORIGINAL WEAPON X TEAM.

NOT WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR, BUT MAYBE YOU SHOULD STAY HERE, NAMORA.

I DO NOT ABANDON MY FRIENDS.

OKAY, BUT YOU'RE NOT GONNA LIKE THIS...

DON'T DESERT US

BLINNNK

A DESERT?! YOU COULD HAVE WARNED ME.

SORRY, BUT IT'S THE ONLY PLACE I SAW SINCE WE GOT HERE WHERE WE'D HAVE ROOM TO OPERATE-- MAYBE HIDE AND THINK.

WHADDYA MEAN, "HIDE AND THINK"? I THOUGHT YOU HAD SOME MASTER PLAN GOIN'.

YOU'VE NEVER FACED ANYTHING LIKE HYPERION BEFORE. HE BEAT THE HULK WITHOUT BREAKING A SWEAT. I THINK HE COULD TAKE APOCALYPSE.

THE FACT THAT WE'RE STILL ALIVE RIGHT NOW IS A MAJOR VICTORY!

MAYBE SO, BUT ALL YOU'VE DONE IS PUT OFF THE INEVITABLE.

WHAT OPTIONS DID I HAVE?

WE CAN'T STAND AND FIGHT, BUT WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM RUNNING THIS PLACE, EITHER. NO ONE IN ANY REALITY WILL BE SAFE FROM HIM.

SO WHAT NOW?

NOW YOU GUYS FIGURE OUT HOW TO STOP HYPERION, WHILE I KEEP HIM BUSY IN HERE.

HA!

THERE YOU ARE!

CLARICE! AT LEAST LET ME STAY WITH YOU AND--

SORRY, CAL. I WANT YOU TO LIVE.

YOU'RE A CLEVER ONE, BLINK, BUT I READ YOUR FILE, TOO, AND I KNOW THERE ARE LIMITS TO YOUR POWER.

YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR WAY AROUND THE CRYSTAL PALACE WELL ENOUGH TO 'PORT YOUR FRIENDS BACK IN THERE, SO YOU MUST'VE SCATTERED THEM AMONG THE DUNES.

NOT MUCH OF A LONG-TERM STRATEGY.

A STALEMATE IS THE BEST I CAN DO. THE ONLY THING I CAN MATCH YOU ON IS SPEED.

THINK YOU'RE FASTER THAN MY FLASH-VISION?

IF YOU COULD USE THOSE EYE-BEAMS ON ME, YOU ALREADY WOULD'VE-- BUT YOU KNOW I'LL JUST TURN THEM AGAINST YOU.

YEAH, THAT'S HOW IT WENT DOWN LAST TIME, ALL RIGHT.

HATS OFF TO YOU, BY THE WAY. IN FIVE SEPARATE REALITIES, YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE WHO EVER MANAGED TO BEAT ME...

"...I'D *KILLED* EVERY SO-CALLED HERO WHO EVER STOOD UP TO ME. WHY EXPECT A LITTLE GIRL WITH A *POINTY ROCK* IN HER HAND TO FARE ANY BETTER?

"OBVIOUSLY, I SHOULD'VE DONE MY HOMEWORK ON YOU, BUT AFTER CONQUERING *TWO WORLDS*, YOU GET A LITTLE COCKY.

"AND THEN YOU ADDED INSULT TO INJURY BY LETTING THAT IDIOT *GAMBIT* DELIVER THE KILLING BLOW.

"AT LEAST THE *BLAST* TOOK HIM, TOO. I *HATED* THAT LYING SACK OF SPIT."

"YOU *EXILES* WENT ON YOUR MERRY WAY, THE CLEAN-UP EFFORT STARTED, AND THAT *SHOULD'VE* BEEN THE LAST ANYONE HEARD OF THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE *HYPERION.*

"BUT *SOME* FOLKS NEVER KNOW WHEN TO LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE...

"...IT TURNS OUT THE COSMIC *BUSYBODIES* WHO RECRUITED US HAVE TO RETRIEVE ANY TIME-DISPLACED *LEFTOVERS* ON A WORLD ONCE IT'S 'FIXED.'

"SOMETHING ABOUT RISKING FURTHER DAMAGE TO THE *TIMESTREAM...*"

"SO ALL OF US DEAD EXILES AND WEAPON X-ERS WERE GATHERED UP--INTACT OR IN PIECES--AND BROUGHT BACK HERE TO THEIR *HEADQUARTERS.*

"MAYBE THE BUGS FEEL *GUILTY* FOR USING US LIKE THEY DO. MAYBE THEY'RE JUST *SENTIMENTAL.*

"WHATEVER THE REASON, YOU'VE SEEN HOW THEY *DISPLAY* EVERY RECRUIT WHO DIDN'T MAKE IT TO THE NEXT MISSION.

"IT'S THEIR OWN LITTLE *HALL OF SHAME.*"

"BUT THEY'D NEVER HAD A RECRUIT LIKE *ME*. THEY DIDN'T UNDERSTAND HOW MY BODY WORKED.

"TO TELL THE TRUTH, I DON'T FULLY UNDERSTAND IT, EITHER. I REALLY WAS DEAD AS A DOORNAIL WHEN THEY SEALED ME UP IN THE WALL.

"BUT EVERY CELL IN MY BODY IS LIKE A LITTLE BATTERY, SEE? SO I GUESS I JUST SOAKED UP THE *DAYLIGHT* THESE WALLS PUT OUT--

"--AND WHATEVER WAS MISSING STARTED TO *GROW BACK.*"

SOVEREIGN WEAPON X-CASUALTY-EIGHTEEN *REGENERATES!*

ARE YOU CERTAIN? INSTRUMENTS CERTIFIED DEATH SEVEN SPANS PAST.

COME TO STASIS GALLERY SEE FOR YOUR SELF.

"UNFORTUNATELY FOR THEM, I WAS RECOVERING AT AN *EXPONENTIAL* RATE.

"BY THE TIME THEY REALIZED WHAT WAS HAPPENING, IT WAS ALREADY TOO LATE."

TAP

TAP

TAP TAP

TAP

FWASH

AEEEEE--

I'M GUESSING THIS ISN'T *HEAVEN*...

OKAY, WHERE *IS* HE?!

WHERE'S THE TIME-BROKER?!

P-PLEASE--I BELIEVE, YOU *MUST!* THERE IS *NO* TIMEBROKER!

YOU'RE *LYING!* I'VE *SEEN* HIM WITH MY OWN EYES!

HE IS ONLY HOW YOU SAY.. *SIMULACRUM.* NOT REAL! *ARTIFICIAL!*

THE SMELLY LITTLE BUGGER SPELLED IT OUT--THE TIMEBROKER IS JUST SOMETHING THEY PROJECT TO *INTERFACE* WITH US...

...IT MIGHT *LOOK* LIKE US AND *TALK* LIKE US, BUT THE TIMEBROKER IS NO MORE *REAL* THAN THE "DESKTOP" ON YOUR COMPUTER.

UH-*HUH*.

LOOK...NOT THAT THIS ISN'T FASCINATING, BUT WHY ARE YOU *TELLING* ME ALL OF THIS?

MMM.

THE *FIRST* EARTH I LIVED ON--THE ONE THESE BUGS *UNHINGED* ME FROM--WAS A PRETTY *SORRY* PLACE BY THE TIME I LEFT IT.

SEE, I'D *CONQUERED* THAT WORLD, BUT THE HUMANS WHO LIVED THERE DIDN'T GIVE IT UP WITHOUT A *FIGHT*.

THEY GOT DESPERATE AND *NUKED* THE WHOLE PLANET. BY THE TIME IT WAS OVER, I WAS THE SOLE INHABITANT OF A DUST-BALL.

NO ONE TO RULE. NO ONE TO KILL. NO *FUN* AT ALL.

I DON'T WANT TO BE *ALONE* LIKE THAT AGAIN.

AND THE BUGS WHO RUN THIS PLACE ARE *LOUSY* COMPANY. IN FACT, THIS IS THE *BEST* CONVERSATION I'VE HAD SINCE I WOKE UP.

SO, CAN WE KEEP TALKING? OR DO I HAVE TO KILL YOU *NOW*?

...KEEP TALKING.

THE STASIS GALLERY

HMM.

AH.

BEEP BOOP-BE-BEEP

SHWOLP

-GASP-

..WH... WHAT .. HAPPENED... TO ME...?

APOLOGIES, EXILE-CASUALTY-SIX NO T ME TO RECUPERATE.

IMMEDIATELY YOU MUST DEPART

IMMEDIATELY YOU MUST DEPART

DEPART...? WHAT EXACTLY .. ARE YOU EXPECTING ME TO DO?

TO FULFIL... DESTINED FUNCTION, OF COURSE

YOU ARE BEAK!

IT FALLS TO YOU TO SAVE MULTIVERSE!

THIS DESERT GOES ON FOR *MILES*, BUT IT'S STILL JUST A BIG ROOM, MORE OR LESS...A POCKET DIMENSION WITHIN THIS WHOLE COMPLEX.

THERE'S ANOTHER ROOM DOWN THE HALL WITH AN *OCEAN* IN IT, IF YOU CAN BELIEVE IT!

I FIGURED STRAIGHTAWAY THAT THE BUGS COULDN'T HAVE BUILT IT, AND SURE ENOUGH, THEY CONFESSED THEY *HADN'T.*

"THEY'RE EXPLORERS. THEY *FOUND* THIS PLACE SITTING OUTSIDE OF SPACE-TIME ITSELF, ABANDONED.

"IT'S SOME KIND OF ANCIENT *OBSERVATORY.* IT OVERLOOKS EVERY OTHER REALITY IN THE MULTIVERSE.

"THEY CALL IT THE *PANOPTICHRON,* WHATEVER THAT'S SUPPOSED TO MEAN.

"I JUST CALL IT THE *CRYSTAL PALACE.*

"THEY'RE BORN SCIENTISTS, THESE BUGS. THEY FIGURED OUT THE EQUIPMENT AND LAUNCHED *EXPEDITIONS* TO OTHER REALITIES...

"...BUT ONLY TO *MAP* THEM. THEY'RE GENETICALLY NONVIOLENT--COULDN'T HURT ANOTHER LIVING THING IF THEY *WANTED* TO.

"IN OTHER WORDS, *PATHETIC.*"

"SO IT'S A **COSMIC JOKE** THAT JUST AS THEIR TRAVELS GOT TO BE ROUTINE, THEY DID SOMETHING THAT CRACKED ALL CREATION.

"I'M NOT SURE **HOW** THEY SCREWED UP, BUT THEY SURE HADN'T UNDERSTOOD THE EQUIPMENT AS WELL AS THEY THOUGHT...

"...AND **FIXING** THE REALITIES THEY DAMAGED WAS GOING TO BE NASTY, **VIOLENT** WORK.

"THEY COULDN'T DO IT THEMSELVES, SO THEY PICKED SIX **SUCKERS** TO DO THE DIRTY WORK **FOR** THEM.

"THEY COOKED UP A STORY ABOUT THE BROKEN REALITIES BEING **NATURALLY** FLAWED, LIKE GENES THAT CAUSE CANCER--

"--AND THEY INVENTED A **FRIENDLY FACE** TO TELL THE LIE CONVINCINGLY."

BUT THE *TRUTH* IS, YOU EXILES AND US WEAPON X-ERS WERE JUST CLEANING UP A MESS THE *BUGS* MADE IN THE FIRST PLACE.

SO *THAT'S* WHAT THE CELESTIALS MEANT WHEN THEY WARNED ME ABOUT THE "TIME-BREAKERS."

TIMEBREAKERS?! THAT'S *PERFECT!*

YOU GOTTA ADMIT, WHATEVER I DID TO THEM, THEY HAD IT *COMING!*

WHICH BRINGS ME TO THE *REAL POINT* OF THIS STORY...

ONCE I UNDERSTOOD WHAT THIS PLACE WAS, I KNEW I'D HIT THE *JACKPOT.* FROM HERE, I WILL DOMINATE ANY REALITY WORTH BOTHERING WITH.

BUT I DON'T WANT TO DO IT ALONE.

YOU PEOPLE HAVE *TRAVELED* LIKE I HAVE. YOU *KNOW* WHAT'S AT STAKE. YOU'LL UNDERSTAND THE *GRANDEUR* OF MY ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

SO I'M OFFERING ONE LAST CHANCE TO *JOIN* ME.

OH, *PLEASE*, HYPERION. I'M SURPRISED YOU BOTHERED TO *ASK*.

I'M NOT ASKING *YOU*, BLINK. I'VE KNOWN YOUR ANSWER EVER SINCE I READ YOUR *FILE*.

BUT I *AM* ASKING YOUR PALS, WHO'VE BEEN SNEAKING CLOSER EVER SINCE YOU BLINKED THEM AWAY.

THESE EARS DON'T MISS A THING.

"I'M ASKING *NAMORA*, WHO CONQUERED HER OWN WORLD BEFORE JOINING YOUR GROUP!

"I'M ASKING *SABRETOOTH*, WHO KNOWS THE SATISFACTION OF A GOOD KILL BETTER THAN MOST!

"I'M ASKING *MIMIC*, WHO STARTED OUT AS A CRIMINAL! IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO REALIZE WHAT *FICTIONS* "GOOD" AND "EVIL" ARE!"

AGREED!

I WILL NOT BE A *SLAVE* ANY LONGER!

SWEAR YOU'LL LEAVE MY *HOME REALITY* UNTOUCHED, AND I SHALL STAND BY YOU!

NO, NAMORA! IT WON'T WORK!

DAMN RIGHT IT WON'T.

MY OFFER WAS GENUINE, YOU KNOW. BUT, STILL, YOU TREAT ME LIKE AN IDIOT.

I CAN SEE YOUR INSIDES, MORPH!

OH, N--

FWASH

MURDERER!

NEXT: TO BEAT THE UNBEATABLE FOE